

A New Song.

To the Tune of, *Lay by your Pleading, &c.*

I.

Lay by your Reason,
Truth's out of Season,
Rebellion now is Loyalty, and Loyalty is Treason.
Now Forty one, Sir,
Is quite undone, Sir ;
A Subject then depos'd his King, but now it is his Son, Sir.
The Nations Salvation
From Male-Administration
Was then pretended by the Saints, but now 'tis Abdication.

II.

Besides, the Case, Sir,
Bears another Face, Sir ;
Billy had a mind to Reign, and *Jimmy* must give place, Sir.
Raise Insurrections,
With base Reflections,
And labour Tooth and Nail to perfect his Projections.
Rebellion, in fashion,
Declared throughout the Nation,
Then turn'd his Father out of Doors, and call'd it Abdication.

III.

A Declaration
For Self-preservation
Was spread abroad, wherein was prov'd a Father no Relation.
Monarchy haters,
And Abdicators,
Did swear themselves into a League with *Duchmen* and with Traytors.
They enter, indenture,
Both Soul and Body venture,
Whilst at Royal *Jimmy's* Head their Malice still did center.

IV.

What have we gained?
Grievances retained:
The Government is still the same, the King is only changed.
Was ever such a Bargain?
What boots it a Farthing,
Whether Father *Peters* Rule, *Benting* or *Carmarthen* ?
Oppressed, distressed,
With empty Purfes caredfed,
We still remain in *Statu quo*, there's nothing yet redressed.

V.

Bail for Treason
Now is out of Season,
And Judges must be Courtiers still against all right and reason:
Nay, more I'll mention,
The Senate has a Pension,
Which overthrows the Contracts made with the blest Convention.
Thus we, Sir, you see, Sir,
Come off by the Lee, Sir;
We give our Money to be Slaves, instead of being free, Sir.

VI.

Never was Beetle
Blind as this People,
To think that God will own a Church with a *Socinian* Steeple.
Of Wits bereaved,
By Priests deceived,
That have brought themselves unto that pass ne'er more to be believed.
They leer, Sir, for fear, Sir,
Old *Jimmy* should come here, Sir;
And then they'll all Repent that e're they took the Swear, Sir.

VII.

Alas! What is Conscience
In *Sherlock's* own Sense?
When Int'rest lyes at Stake an Oath with him is Nonsense:
The *Temple* Master
Fears no Disaster,
He can take Ten thousand Oaths and ne'er be bound the faster.
He'll wrangle, and jangle,
And all their Cause intangle;
Yet naught can hold the Wretch, but the old Triangle.

VIII.

For holy Cause, Sir,
You may break all Laws, Sir;
For Perjury nor Treason then do signify two Straws, Sir.
So bad our Case is
We'd better far be Papists;
For now *Socinians* rule the Church, and they're rul'd by an Atheist.
The Nations Damnation
Was their last Reformation;
Either you must take the Swear, or starving leave your Station.

F I N I S.

Harvard College Library
In memory of
Lionel de Jersey Harvard
Class of 1916
July 12, 1932